

# THE MAN.

NO. 69—VOL. II.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1834.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## THE GYPSY CAMP.

(Concluded.)

We had now reached that expansive heath, over which the full moon poured her cloudless light with uninterrupted splendor. Scarce a tree arose to form a shadow: all appeared an illimitable scene of softest light, save where the ends of the woods stretched along each hand. They alone were in shade. I now perceived Black Boswell, walking rapidly to and fro, within the space of ten or fifteen yards. His long matted hair was uplifted by the night wind, and waved about his aged head like dead grass on a ruined tower. At times his arms were uplifted as if he addressed some invisible being in passionate language; then, again, they were folded upon his bosom, and his face turned towards the ground. Still that lonely blasted pine appeared the spot towards which all his feelings were drawn. I bade Lavina follow me into the wood, but above all things not to let the dog escape. I proposed making a short circuit that we might come out opposite the withered tree. After some difficulty arising from the close-woven underwood and armed briars, we reached the hedge-side before which Boswell was striding in all the deportment of a demon.

We heard him moan deeply as if a thousand convulsing tortures tore his bosom asunder. At intervals he muttered dark words, which sounded on our ears like indistinct thunder; at length his feelings were aroused to their highest pitch, then he exclaimed—

"Tis past! 'tis past! The deed is done, it can never be recalled. A wife—a son—both gone!—O! my deeds are black—ah! did ye call, Mary! Nash! no, no! they will call no more. That frightful tree—those blasted arms bend over me like an accusing witness. O! what a hell of eternal torture boils within me. Would that this night were the last I had to live! I will confess my crime. I will—no! no! to be hung amid the hissing scoffs of the unfeeling multitude. I cannot!—I would not hang my poor dog Lounger." At the mention of his name the noble dog sprang through the hedge, and in a moment was at his master's feet. This was a signal for us to retire; we made our way through the entangled boughs, and again entering the heath, approached the miserable old man. We met him with affected glee although our hearts felt heavy. When we solicited him to return, he answered us in words gentle and submissive as a child:

"Yes," said he, "I'll go with you and try to feel happy; many days have rolled over since I was."

We each took hold of one arm, and walked with him. Reflection had given him eloquence. O, how his remarks made my heart bleed. He spoke of the folly of yielding to headstrong passions, which caused us to execute in one rash moment what a whole eternity could never recall; of the direful effects of jealousy, which left nothing in its track but desolation; of the misery which ensued from those who married unequal in their ages. As he proceeded, the big tears trickled down his carefurrowed cheeks. We had by this time reached the camp. The bottle passed merrily round, and every eye seemed lighted with joy, saving the old man's, he set apart in meditation. The old woman told her best tales; the gipsy girls sang their sweetest songs, while their lovers or husbands took up the chorus; the raven flew croaking above our heads; the startled owl hooted at our midnight merriment; and the echoing woods again responded the immortal ballads of Robin Hood and Chevy Chase. After the merry din had a little subsided I was requested to sing.

"Come, then," said old Abigail, "let's have one of your own melancholy songs; for I have heard say that ye have made a many on the death of poor Mary; Heaven rest her soul!"

Vinah, too solicited; and every ragged callant would hear any thing but no. I sat opposite the old man, on whom a fearful change had within this last hour been visible. The women whispered one to another, and the men regarded him with supersti-

tious fear. I felt curious to mark the effect that my singing would produce on his desponding feelings. He held a full glass in his hand, but as I proceeded let it rest upon his knee untasted. All around sat listening in death-like silence, as I thus commenced:

Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,  
In solemn silence wave;  
Beneath thy shade we meet no more,  
My Mary's in her grave.  
Come, Death, and bear me to her tomb,  
Beside yon world crown'd hill:  
Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,  
Thy shadow turns me chill.

"What is the matter, Boswell?" interrogated Abigail.

The old man sat with his eyes turned towards Heaven, his hands shook like the trembling water-flag.—"Nothing, nothing!" he murmured; "sing on."

Shine on, ye bright sky cradled stars,  
Ye bring to mind her eyes,  
And oft have shone on her pale cheek  
When no moon walked the skies;  
Sing on, thou lonely Nightingale—  
Oh, how thou mak'st me thrill!  
Thou sang so when my Mary liv'd,  
I hear thee and turn chill.

Weep on, ye sweet bell-folded flowers,  
I love those tears ye shed;  
It is not dew that gems your eyes  
O, no!—ye know she's dead:  
Although ye sigh not deep like me,  
Ye silently instill  
A lesson of sad speechless grief—  
I read it and turn chill.

Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,  
Near thee we last did part;  
Her last deep sigh was near thy shade—  
But thou wilt break my heart.  
I shiver 'neath the breath of night,  
That pipes so cold and shrill;  
Wave on thou dark green aged thorn,  
Thy shadow turns me chill.

As the last words trembled on my tongue, the old man fell from his seat. His iron frame seemed convulsed with internal agony; his eyes glared wildly on all around—his hour had come!—"Ha ha!" said he, "are they here?—stay, Mary—Nash, do not frown so: wait! wait!—I knew ye would come!—Abigail, Israel, (they bent over him) bury me—on—on the heath—it's night—the tree's shadow, the fatal pine knot on the other side. They lie there—at twelve. O, God! for—." He gave another deep gasp, and all was over; the old man had gone to his last account. Lavina lay senseless before the camp fire—all was tumult—the dogs howled, and seemed conscious he was no more. The children had arisen from their straw couches and mingled with the mournful group—naked and sorrowful.

Daylight already crimsoned the east as Lavina and I took our departure from this melancholy scene. We promised to be at the old man's interment before midnight, and wandered with aching hearts from the gipsies' camp.

I arose about noon considerably refreshed, and bade the servant call Lavina. While we were dining in the parlor of the inn, a healthy-looking old farmer put up his horse and came in.

"Well, what news," said my inquisitive host.

"Nothing very particular, replied the farmer; as I rode past the wood end this morning, I saw two gipsies very busy digging a grave."

"Hey!" exclaimed my host, laying down his knife and fork, and starting in astonishment, "hey! why they been murdering sumbody?"

"Not exactly so, neither," said the farmer; "Black Boswell's dead."

"Black Boswell dead!" echoed mine host and hostess, "why you don't say so?"

"I have said so," replied the farmer, smiling; "dead or not, they're going to bury him upon suspicion."

Mine host heard not this last remark; he sat looking with vacant eye upon his plate, and kept repeating in various tones, "Black Boswell dead, whoiver thote he wud die!"

The waiting-maid, who came in during the consternation which the news created, had borne the tidings into the kitchen. Nothing was heard within the house but "Black Boswell's dead!"

At twilight we again set out for the gipsy camp. Lavina appeared rather alarmed at the thought of witnessing the 'solemn ceremony. The moon was only visible at intervals owing to the large masses of dark clouds which were sailing rapidly to the west; every thing around forbode an approaching storm: that deep hollow murmur, which is a certain herald, was heard in the woods, and before we reached camp a smart shower had commenced, ushered in by the faint sounds of distant thunder. The air was close and sultry; a vivid flash lighted even the dark recesses of the wood; and a loud peal of thunder burst forth, causing the earth to tremble beneath our feet. All nature appeared agitated. Pealed followed peal, without cessation, saving those moments when the whole atmosphere appeared one mass of sheeted fire. By the time we reached the camp the rain poured down in torrents, and sounded through the dreary woods like the distant roar of the wind-lifted ocean.

We entered the camp without exciting the slightest notice. All appeared unconscious of the elemental din, by which they were surrounded. Where but the previous night had crackled the cheering fire, was laid the corpse, upon a rugged bier of green boughs. All saving the head, was stitched up in white linen. Around were seated the mourners, in various positions, all chanting some low, lone melancholy dirge, which I did not understand. The children had been despatched early to rest on this occasion: the powerful mastiffs lay quietly, as if they, too, felt a portion of that sorrow which encompassed all.

"Abigail," said I, (she lifted up her head, but made me no answer,) it will be midnight by the time we reach the heath."

All arose in silence. The bier was borne by four of the men, the rest followed in death-like stillness. At times nothing was visible through the gloom but the white linen that enshrouded the dead. Then again the glancing lightning unveiled the slow-moving group—still we passed forward. Although the thunder growled out his funeral hymn, and the red flashes were his torch-bearers, not one, saving Lavina, appeared to quail. They laid him down softly in his damp grave. There was no hollow sound when the earth was thrown upon his coffinless corpse!—no priest mumbled the cold ceremony for the dead;—nothing but sighs and tears was his requiem. There they rest upon that lonely heath; the murderer and the murdered. The blasted pine is alone their monument! Last summer I took my dear wife Lavina, to visit its solitudes. No trace remained, saving the lonely tree to tell of what had been. Upon their silent graves bloomed a thousand purple heath-bells, the merry birds filled the surrounding woods with music, the wild bee flew murmuring from flower to flower. We wandered in silence up the grassy lane, over which the disturbing wheels but seldom pass; all was tranquil as if the foot of man never invaded its solitude. No sign—no trace remained to point out the ever-remembered Gipsy Camp.

We remember seeing a year two since, in Ipswich a young woman upon whom the fear of lightning had procured awful effects. Her physical frame was disordered, her mind ruined, and her usefulness entirely destroyed. Every exposure to the sight of lightning threw her into dreadful convulsions, and her friends were obliged to confine her in the cellar or a dark room, upon the slightest indication of an electrical state of the atmosphere.—*Lowell Journal*.

**CINCINNATI.**—The number of deaths in Cincinnati during the week ending 23d ult. was 63; of which 23 were of cholera. The average weekly number through the year, by all diseases, is about 20.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6.

**JACKSON MONEY.**—It is with great pleasure, (says the *Evening Post*) that we perceive the true JACKSON MONEY is now in circulation. Half eagles of the new Jackson coinage are passing freely from hand to hand this morning, and all who get hold of them seem to feel at once the superiority of such *real money* to the miserable paper substitutes with which the spirit of aristocracy would still continue to cheat the people. The new eagles, half eagles and quarters are really beautiful coins—at least so we are assured, in relation to the eagles and quarters, and so we can attest from our own examination, in relation to the halves. The *Globe* says, “It is devoutly to be hoped, that the mint may be able to supply all the pressing demands on it—and that every independent citizen may obtain a few pieces to carry and preserve as a charm against the sorceries of the mammoth. We understand that from \$20,000 to \$25,000 a day can be struck off. The promptitude of the Treasury and the Mint on this subject will be duly appreciated by the public.”

**THE PRESIDENT.**—A Nashville correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, under the date July 22, concludes a letter concerning the proceedings of the Tennessee State Convention, in session at that place, as follows:

“By the way, we are all on the *qui vive* here, in expectation of Gen. Jackson. He will probably be at the Hermitage to-morrow or the day after. Tennessee and Nashville seem desirous to do him honor in some public manner. The Convention last evening chose a committee of 13 to get him up a dinner, to be given by the members. General Jackson was a member of the first Convention that formed the present Constitution of Tennessee 38 years ago. The citizens of Nashville, I understand, are talking about a civic dinner out under the lofty trees which none but a Tennessee forest can produce.”

**DEATH OF JUDGE JOHNSON.**—It is with the deepest regret we have to announce the death of William Johnson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. While undergoing a most painful operation yesterday, at Brooklyn, (performed by Dr. Mott, and which he bore with the most heroic courage,) nature finally gave way, he became insensible, and in a short time expired. Judge Johnson occupied a high station among the eminent and excellent men of the day, and his death is most deeply lamented. He was in the 64th year of his age.—*Times*.

The funeral of Judge Johnson will take place from the house of Z. Lewis, corner of Columbia and Orange streets, Brooklyn Heights, at half past four this (Wednesday) afternoon.

The municipal authorities residing in the city of New-York and Brooklyn, the members of the Bar, officers of the Army and Navy and Militia, and citizens and strangers generally are respectfully invited to attend.

**A WARNING.**—A number of boys were yesterday hooking sugar from a hogshead belonging to J. R. Fash, 177 Henry street, who, in driving them off accidentally [he says] struck the head of one of them with the end of his umbrella, and inflicted a severe wound. Alderman Van Waganen of the 4th Ward, who witnessed not only the blow, but the cause of its infliction, seized Mr. Nash, and brought him to the Police Office.

**CIRCUIT COURT.**—Job G. White was yesterday sentenced by Judge Beets to one year's imprisonment in the State Prison, and to pay a fine of \$10 for an assault and battery on the cook of the schooner *Kenderskeng* in the port of Santa Cruz.

**LONGEVITY.**—The *Stamford (Ct.) Sentinel* states, that Mrs. Bennet, mother-in-law of Mr. Ezra Gurnsey, died in that village on Wednesday last, at the advanced age of 100 years and four months.

**CONTEMPTIBLE.**—The Fancy Wigs of Albemarle Co., Va. had a party celebration of the late 4th of July at Charlottesville, and invited the patriot Madison to join with them in prostituting that sacred day to the despicable service of their party idol. The veteran statesman returned a courteous, but a decided refusal to allow himself to be made an instrument in so despicable a cause; when lo! the *Columbia Times* turns upon him from its former most fulsome but heartless adulation, to the following contemptible attempt to traduce his exalted worth:

It is quite obvious from this most cautious epistle, that the poor old Patriot is controlled by the influence of Jackson partisans. It is a truly melancholy contemplation—that of an old and faithful friend of this country, brought in his last days under the corrupting influence of a detestable party, whose sole object is the prostration of that *very* liberty for which the toils of his youth and manhood were expended. Such is the truly lamentable condition of the friend and companion of Jefferson—the once distinguished and still patriotic Madison.

**MARGARET SUTTER.**—14 years of age, who has for at least two years been in the practice of begging through the streets, for the support of aged and disabled parents and younger sister, was yesterday brought to the Police office, on complaint of a number of gentlemen whose families she has long annoyed, and sent to the Alms-house.

**MORMONISM.**—The *Dover, N. H. Globe*, states that in a few weeks a Mormon minister formed a growing and respectable church in that village.

Last night, in the Western Watch-house, a man deranged in mind from intemperance, cut his throat from ear to ear with a rough piece of corroded sheet iron, the fragment of an old stove door. Fortunately, the important blood-vessels of the neck resisted the rude instrument, and although the wound, from its extent and rugged margin, has a most appalling appearance, is not alone fatal in its tendency, however it may ultimate in connexion with his maniacal condition. His hallucination is such that he does not believe himself the person wounded, but thinks that the injury was inflicted upon his imagined antagonist, and he justifies the act on the score that it was perpetuated in *self defence*. A man who cuts his own throat in *self defence*, may literally be said to be *out of his head*.—*Balt. Gaz.*

**MYSTEROUS.**—Captain Hobbs, of the British schr. Union Jack, which arrived at this port on Friday, from Windsor, N. S. picked up, 28th ult. Mount Desert E. N. E. 15 leagues, a hogshead containing the body of a man, but being very offensive, he let it go again without examining it particularly. One of the hhd. heads was hung on strong iron hinges, and had a clasp similar to a harness cask, and was secured by a padlock.—*Boston Com. Gaz.*

On Saturday afternoon, for the first time since his descent, Mr. Durant gave his balloon a thorough examination, and we feel satisfied in being authorised to say from him, that although he finds a number of bad fractures, he has strong hopes of being able, in the course of a couple of weeks, so to repair it, as to be enabled to make another ascension by the 20th or 25th of this month.—*Ib.*

The steamboat Bangor, hence, for Bangor, when off Cape Ann, on Friday afternoon last, was discovered to be on fire, which caused considerable confusion among the passengers, but by the active and spirited exertions of Capt. Howe, who first discovered the fire, it was extinguished without much damage to the boat, and she arrived at Portland the same afternoon.—*Ib.*

**Thomass Moor.**—A waiter at Congress Hall, Saratoga, died suddenly last week, by drinking cold water. He left a large family in dependant circumstances; and as soon as the fact became known, a purse of \$330 was made up for their relief by the guests at the Hall.

A letter dated Portsmouth, Ohio, July 27, states, that the cholera had raged in that town and its vicinity, with much violence and fatality, but was then on the decline. Twelve fatal cases occurred on the 26th.

To the Editor of *The Man*.

DEAR SIR.—In our previous communication we promised we would substantiate our assertions relative to the oppressions under which we were suffering, by a few facts which stand recorded on the archives of our judiciary. It would be an ungenerous requisition were we to undertake to crowd into your columns anything like a full statement of those oppressions; for with each succeeding year they have so multiplied and accumulated, that the catalogue would be of frightful length. We will confine ourselves, in this number, to a few, which have been the fruit of that combination of influence and power by the *exclusive* arbiters of our local government before spoken of, and which are still fresh in the memories of all—leaving other matters to future convenience.

In no department of our social relations have the *screws* been more severely applied than to those who are without the pale of orthodoxy in matters of Church and State. So perfectly have the little sovereigns of our village accomplished their organization, and concentration of individual sway in this respect, that, let his public or private claims to the good services of his fellow-citizens be otherwise ever so strong, he who has the hardihood to rebel against the dictation of these lords and bishops of mammon and local orthodoxy, cannot too soon make up his mind to quietly take persecution for his bride, and oppression for his companion. On the other hand, an individual who will but wear the livery of their *servitude*, be he the veriest hypocrite or most consummate knave, may violate the most requisite guards of public safety with impunity, and be screened from the rightful penalties of offended justice by the too strong arm of his lords and masters. By the exercise of this diabolical system, we have seen a young and promising citizen, by order of a *purse-proud, arrogant, and “heavenly-minded!”* judge, to bring him dead or alive, dragged from a bed of sickness at his imminent peril, and locked up in jail, where he expired in less than two hours from the time of his arrival; and that, too, for the *enormous* sin of having sold a glass of rum to a person who turned informer against him! By its exercise we but lately witnessed a scene in our Court of Common Pleas, which stamps that Court with infamy and eternal disgrace. The case was thus:—Two indictments were found by the grand jury against an industrious and inoffensive citizen, for retailing liquor in a smaller quantity than a quart. At the same sitting the same jury found a true bill against another individual, for the deliberate seduction of a girl in his employ. We cannot do better than to give the language of the Judge (the one before alluded to) on sentencing these two persons. The first-mentioned is a man who carries not the fear of the *exclusives* in his eyes, neither in his political or religious walk. He was addressed after this sort:—“You have been indicted and found guilty of selling liquor by the small measure, in violation of our sacred law, and in contempt of our sovereign authority. You have a large family of children [5], to whom your example will prove death and destruction. We have had our eye upon you for some time, and are determined to visit upon you the utmost extent the law allows our power. We, therefore, fine you *twenty dollars* on each indictment—making in all *forty dollars*, and that you stand committed till it is paid,”—and all this for selling two glasses of rum. The other, is one of those soulless, contemptible toad-eaters to men of power, place, or wealth, who would cling to the dust rather than endanger their frown or hazard their displeasure;—a supple tool to the political demagogue—a hypocritical echo to the sanctimonious charlatan. To him the language of this “most righteous judge” was far different.

“The indictment against you for seduction of —— has been sustained by a jury of your country. You have a wife and a number of children [3] who look to you for support, and it is not our desire to distress you or them, to dampen your industry or check your ambition, by inflicting a severe penalty on you for this offence. You are a member of our beloved church (Presbyterian), and have been accounted a good citizen. All flesh is liable to err and be led astray; and the wanderings of a brother should ever be regarded with an eye of pity and lenity, rather than contempt and severity. We, therefore, sentence you to a fine of *TWENTY DOLLARS*! and trust you will find no difficulty in paying it.”

This, Mr. Editor, is an impartial sample of the manner in which justice and equal right is administered among us, under the dispensation of “the

July 29, 1834.  
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## POLICE.

TUESDAY MORNING, 4 o'clock.

John Smith, mariner, of 337 Water street, William Reed, barkeeper, 28 Water street, and George Potter, were taken by private watchmen last night in the act of staving in a hogshead of molasses belonging to B. De Forest & Son, South street. Two others engaged with them made their escape from the watchmen, and Potter slipped out of the Police office undetected. Smith and Reed were committed for trial.

Michael Flanigan, and Daniel Markham, dealers in oranges and speculators in general, from Albany, were brought up on charge of Mrs. Haley, 92 Vesey street, for disorderly conduct, destroying her beds and bedding, and other abuses. The affair was settled between the parties, in the Office.

Ann McNealy, had lived in Anthony street, and had been to the penitentiary; had a good home at present if she had a mind to go to it, but expressing a slight preference for country lodgings at Bellevue, she was accommodated with a permit.

Benjamin Dusenbury, of 33 Laurens street was brought up and committed on the testimony of his little sister Mahala. She testified that he was addicted to intemperance and abuse of the family; that last night he came home intoxicated, forcibly drove his aged and helpless father from the house, assaulted his sister Margaret with a chair for remonstrating with him, and bruised her so that she was unable to leave the house, and was about serving the complainant in the same manner when she eluded his attacks, ran into the street, and had him secured by the watch. Her statement was corroborated by a neighbor, who also stated that when in liquor Dusenbury was a perfect lunatic. He was committed.

Biddy Kerr, a little vagrant of 6 years, without a home or knowledge of a relation or friend in the world, was sent to the commissioners of the Alms House.

William Wright, carpenter and caulk, of 366 Madison street, was brought to the bar. His wife, with an infant of 4 months in her arms, appeared against him, and stated that he was addicted to drunkenness, and abuse of her; that for some time past he had totally neglected to provide for herself and little children, and that last night he beat her shamefully. Wright promised to do better, and was allowed to go on trial.

Matthew Egan, was committed on a warrant from Alderman Lovett, granted on complaint of his landlord.

Eight miserable wretches, females, one of whom was black, together with Hugh Little, keeper of a rum hole 37 Orange street, were brought to the watch house by Marshals Thomas and McGrath, from the wreck of No. 39 Orange street, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. They were one and all a mass of living nuisance, and were variously disposed of—most of them ordered to Bellevue.

## COURT OF SESSIONS.

TUESDAY, Aug. 5.

Present, the RECORDER, Aldermen WALES and MONROE.

Twenty one Grand Jurors answered to their names and took the oath, to wit:

Charles Town, foreman, Prosper M. Wetmore, Medad Platt, Nehemiah Lounsbury, Philander Hafford, Samuel Kip, jr. Frederick Van Tassell, Silas Holmes, Reuben Bromiley, Walter C. Spark, Geo. C. Dayton, Henry Byard, John G. Morrell, Peter G. Arearius, John T. Rich, David Demaray, James Beatty, Robert B. Skidmore, Robert Jones, Joseph Clark, John H. Herring, and John West.

Thomas McDermot—stealing edge tools of Mr. Benjamin—Guilty. Penitentiary 2 months.

The District Attorney, then rose, and begged leave to announce to the Court the decease of WILLIAM JOHNSON, one of the Associate Judges of the Sup. Court of the United States; and out of respect to his memory moved that the Court adjourn: thereupon, the Court unanimously passed the following order:—

"Whereas, It is announced to this Court by Ogden Hoffman, that the Hon. William Johnson, one of the Judges of the Sup. Court of the United States departed this life yesterday, at the city of Brooklyn; and whereas, the eminent talents and purity of character of the deceased deserves our highest respect; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the Court do forthwith adjourn."

The Court thereupon immediately adjourned till 11 o'clock this morning.

## IRELAND.

DUBLIN, June 27.—*Dreadful affray and wholesale Slaughter in Kerry.*—One of the most sanguinary faction fights that ever disgraced this unhappy country took place on Tuesday at the races of Ballheag, 13 miles from Tralee, between two clans, the Cooleens and the Lawlers, who have been at feud above half a century, and still defy both law and the gospel, in taking vengeance of each other whenever opportunity offers from generation to generation. Rumors of the intended fight having been in circulation for some days previous, and information having been given to the country magistrates, they applied to the officer commanding at Tralee for a force sufficient to keep the peace at the races. Accordingly, on the day previous (Monday) a strong detachment of the 69th Regiment with three officers marched from Tralee barracks to Ballheag, and on Tuesday took up a position on the race ground on the bank of the river Cashen, to be ready to interfere on the first symptoms of the expected riot. The two factions soon appeared on the ground in great numbers, but remained quiet until the races were over, at 3 o'clock.—Then the appointed battle began in earnest on the river strand with sticks and stones. A gentleman who witnessed the contest, describes it as one of the most savage and merciless scenes he ever witnessed or could imagine to have taken place in a Christian country. The soldiers could do nothing to stem the torrent of fury and blows that raged on every side. At least 1,000 men were engaged, for in addition to the resident parties, numbers came from miles around to take part in the conflict against men whom they had never seen before; all for the pleasure of a fight!

The Cooleens, it appears, received aid from the mountains of Ballylongford, and even some came to join them from the county of Limerick! Captain Hawson, of Ennismore, and other magistrates present with the troops, caused the riot act to be read, but nobody would listen to it. The very women were occupied supplying their friends on both sides with stones, which they carried in their aprons! The battle soon spread over such an extent of ground, that neither the soldiers nor police could possibly interfere effectually to separate the parties. By the magistrates' orders they endeavored to make individual prisoners, and it appears that about 20 were lodged in Listowell Bridewell, but were not permitted to fire a shot. Indeed the work of destruction was going on fast enough: no quarter was given, and ghastly wounds were given both to those who fell and to those who stood up. At length the Cooleens retreated to the river's brink, where many were driven in and drowned. Several attempted to escape by swimming, but were still barbarously pelted by the victorious Lawlers. It was full tide and two sand boats on the shore were afloat, into which numbers of the defeated party crowded, and pushed off across the ferry, but being overladen, they sunk, and all on board perished. Four bodies were found next morning at the ferry, and twelve others, men and women, have since been taken up in other parts of the river. It is not yet accurately known how many have been sacrificed, either on shore, or in the melancholy *nayades* that followed, but 8 or 10 lay dead on the strand of battle at the northern side of the river, and their friends on the southern dare not venture across to remove them. It was expected that another savage conflict (of retaliation) would take place on Wednesday, when the last accounts came from Tralee.

**DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.**—Three brothers by the name of Shroud, living on Harford Avenue, yesterday afternoon went out on the common to amuse themselves in gunning. One of them in the act of stooping, accidentally fired his gun, the whole contents of which lodged in the bowels of his elder brother, standing but a few feet distant. He lingered in excruciating pain for about 8 hours, when his sufferings terminated in death.—*Balt. Pat.*

The babe left in Lafayette Place, some days ago, has been taken by a lady and gentleman, who have adopted it. It is said to be a most beautiful child.

The house and shop of Dea. Martin Tinker, Westfield, Mass., were destroyed by fire on July 27th—loss, \$3,500, and no insurance.

**WASHINGTON, (Pa.)**—The board of health of this town, under date of Friday, July 25, report the death of six persons by cholera during that week. Of these deaths, three were in one family, two in another, and the 6th case was that of a German emigrant who had lately arrived in town.

**DEATH BY FRIGHT.**—During the thunder shower on Saturday afternoon, a little girl in Tewksbury, who had been ill for some days, but was not considered sick, was so terrified at a sharp flash of lightning and the loud report that followed it, as to fall instantly dead.—*Boston paper.*

**BAKERS' TRADES' UNION SOCIETY.**  
We do hereby give notice that a Special Meeting of the Bakers' Trades' Union Society will be held at Union Hall, corner of Oliver and Henry streets, on Saturday, 9th day of August, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

As business of importance will be transacted, the members of the Society will be punctual in their attendance.

By Order of the President.

aug 4<sup>th</sup> JAMES E. GEDDES, Secretary.

**INSURANCE OF LETTERS.**  
Money sent by Mail to any Post Office in the United States, or the British North American Provinces, will be insured by application to B. BATES, at the New York Post Office. Ample security is given for the repayment of the money, if lost.

**RATES OF INSURANCE.**

\$25 and under,	80	50 cents.
50 do.	75	
100 do.	1	00
1000 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.		
2000 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.		
5000 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.		

Any sum above \$5000, such premium as may be agreed on.  
my 17<sup>th</sup>

We are about to divide one of the city routes of "The Man," and should like to engage an active carrier accustomed to the Penny Paper business.

Those who wish to complete their sets of the Man, are requested to do so as soon as possible, as we find it too much trouble to keep back numbers. Written lists of numbers deficient will be attended to by the carriers.

If the following persons do not call and settle for papers taken from the office of "The Man" their names will be published in a Black List:

John McCaffray  $\frac{1}{2}$  Sullivan st.  
Peter McCaffray  $\frac{1}{2}$  Sullivan st.  
John Montgomery,  
J. R. Usher, 5 Allen st.  
Patrick Moffat  $\frac{1}{2}$  13 Mott st.  
Patrick Haley  $\frac{1}{2}$  R. Lee.

**MARRIAGES.**  
August 5, at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Levins, Robert Steele to Harriet H. eldest daughter of Hennerson P. Low, of Baltimore.

August 2, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Penn, widow of the late John Penn, Pilot.

**DEATHS.**  
August 4, at Brooklyn, Jordan A. Wright, of the firm of Bettner & Wright, merchants of this city.  
August 4, of a short illness, James A. Melvin, in the 51st year of his age.

## MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

**ARRIVED.**  
Ship Tropic, Russell, Liverpool, June 29.  
Ship Statira, Wood, Savannah, 7 days.  
Brig Kennebeck, Sinson, St. Croix, 18 days.  
Br. brig Ocean, Lennet, Windsor, N. S.  
Brig Hope Retrieve, Flinn, Philadelphia.  
Brig Billow, Burges, Windsor, N. S.  
Schr Sabina, Tilyou, Havana, July 21.  
Schr Choice, Dough, Hartford, for Philadelphia.  
Br. schr Sir Howard Douglass, Harvey, Windsor, N. S.  
Schr Florida, Sheffield, 7 days from Georgetown, D. C.  
Schr Mary, Easton, from Richmond.

**PASSENGERS.**  
In the ship Statira, from Savannah—Mrs. S. Rogers, Dr. E. N. Chisolm, lady, and child Miss Julia Baldwin, Miss J. A. Clifford, G. Hendrickson, N. P. Croswell, J. C. Frazer.

**LOST.**—A note at 60 days, for \$250, drawn by John Morrison, in favor of George H. Evans, dated July 21, 1834. The finder will confer a favor by returning it to 6 Thames street.

aug 5<sup>th</sup>

## AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

(Written by the late Miss Davison, of Virginia, in her 16th year.)  
 I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
 And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers.  
 My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,  
 I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.  
 It seemed that a law had been recently made,  
 That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;  
 And in order to make them all willing to marry,  
 The tax was as large a man could well carry.  
 The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use—  
 'Twas horrid injustice, and horrid abuse—  
 And declared, that to save their own hearts' blood  
 from spilling,  
 Of such vile tax they would pay not a shilling.  
 But the rulers determined them still to pursue,  
 So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue.  
 A crier was sent through the town to and fro,  
 To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,  
 And to call out to all he might meet in his way,  
 "Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"  
 And presently all the old maids in the town,  
 Each in her very best bonnet and gown,  
 From thirty to sixty—fair, plain, red and pale,  
 Of every description, all flock'd to the sale.  
 The auctioneer then in his labor began,  
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
 How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"  
 In a twink, \* every maiden responded, "I—I!"  
 In short, at a highly extravagant price,  
 The bachelors were all sold off in a trice;  
 And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,  
 Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.  
 \*That in a twink she won me to her love."—Shakespeare.

**THE AGENT** of the Hudson River Route of Periodical Publications, gives notice that he has received from Boston the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Parts of Hinton's History of the United States of North America, a new and improved edition with additions and corrections, by Samuel L. Knapp, illustrated with twenty-four fine engravings. Also the 22<sup>nd</sup> Part of Malte Brun's Universal Geography, which he will deliver to his subscribers this month, together with the numbers of Brown's Folio Bible, Fleetwood's Life of Christ, History of Missions, Genuine Works of Jos. plus, Goldsmith's History of the Earth, and Animated Nature, Gillie's Ancient Greece, and Goldsmith's Rome, Rollin's Ancient History, Scripture History, Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott, Rosina or the Virtuous Country Maid written by herself, Permelia or Virtue Rewarded, by S. Richardson, Tanjore, Trelawney's Mysterious Marriage, and Family Portraits, by Catharine G. Ward, Penny Magazine, and a number of other Periodicals, which he delivers to his subscribers monthly at their residence free from carriage or postage, (each part or number to be paid for on delivery,) in the City and Villages of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Bull's Ferry, Fort Lee, Cornwall, New Windsor, Newburgh, Fishkill, Matewan, Poughkeepsie, New Paltz, Hyde Park, Catskill, Athens, Hudson, Albany, Troy, West Troy, Lansingburgh, & Waterford. He will with pleasure add to his list of subscribers any who may wish any of the above Publications, or to finish out should they have part. Collecting or errants from or to any of the above Cities or Villages will be attended to.

**SAMUEL C. WYCKOFF**, Agent,  
 No. 10 North Pearl st. Albany, or  
 282 Mulberry st. New York.

**COBBETT'S WORKS.**—English editions of the following publications of William Cobbett, have been received, for sale, at the office of the Working Man's Advocate, No. 6 Thames street:  
 American Gardener, Ride in France,  
 Guide to Emigrants, Woodland,  
 Cottage Economy, Poor Man's Friend,  
 Manchester Lectures, Rural Rides,  
 French Grammar, English Grammar,  
 O'Callaghan on Usury, Paper against Gold,  
 Reformation, (2 vols. 8vo.) Letters from France  
 Year's Residence in America, Treatise on Corn,  
 Advice to Young Men, Twopenny Trash, (bound.)  
 History of the Reign and Regency of George IV.  
 REGISTER, (5 vols.) from April 1831, to June 1832. mhl1

**JUST RECEIVED**, and for sale at the office of the Working Man's Advocate, No. 6 Thames street, the Speech of Andrew Dunlap in defence of Abner Kneeland, on his late Trial for Blasphemy! Price reduced to 37½ cents.  
 jy 14

**WORKS ON THE CURRENCY.**—For sale at the office of this paper, and by Edward Earle, Paterson, N. J.  
 Gouge's American Banking System, Price \$1 00  
 Cobbett's Paper against Gold, 75  
 Hale's "Useful Knowledge for the Producers," &c. 183  
 Brosser's "Mode of Protecting Domestic Industry," &c. 20  
 jy 18

**JUST RECEIVED**, and for sale at this Office, "The Senator Unmasked: being a Letter to Mr. Daniel Webster, on his speech in the Senate of the United States, asking leave to bring in a bill to continue for six years the Charter of the Bank of the United States. By Thomas Brothers, (of Philadelphia.)"—Price 12½ cents.  
 Also, "Gold against Paper; or, Mr. Benton's Wind-up of the Bank."—Price 3 cents.  
 jy 19

**WANTED.**—Nos. 40, Vol. IV., of the Working Man's Advocate, for which 12½ cents each will be given at the office. jy 16 t

**LIFE OF JEFFERSON**, with selections from his Private Correspondence. Just received and for sale at the office of this paper. Price \$1 00. jy 2



**SWEET'S PATENT PORTABLE OVEN**, for Baking over Charcoal Furnaces.—This Oven has been extensively introduced, and has ever been proved to be a most valuable improvement for baking meat, bread pies, &c. as attested by competent judges in the boarding and victualling houses and private families wherever it has been used. It is confidently believed that no improvement of the kind has ever been offered to the public which will bake at so small an expense of fuel, and with so much convenience and expedition. Sold by

W. H. SWEET, manufacturer and proprietor, at his Tin and Sheet Iron Factory, 204 Canal street, corner of Hudson, New York. jel7 if

**G. W. ROBBINS—BOOT MAKER**—Takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has long contemplated the manufacturing of LADIES' SHOES, agreeably to the expressed wish of a number of his friends and patrons; but knowing that competition in that, as well as almost every other business, is great, and being determined never to undertake it unless he felt confident he should be able to get up an article equal, if not superior, to any thing in the market; and being unacquainted with that branch of the business, he has deferred it until an opportunity of getting some competent person to undertake it should present itself. It is with pleasure that he informs the public that he has now engaged the services of one who is fully competent to the task, and is therefore prepared to execute any orders for Ladies' Shoes that may be entrusted to him, at his establishment, 309½ Broadway, between Duane street and the Hospital. (jv1) if

**UNITED STATES CLOTHES DRESSING ESTABLISHMENT**, 128 Broadway 2 doors below Congress Hall. LOINES & POERSCHEKE respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have commenced business at the above stand, where they will attend to cleaning and dressing Clothes by Steam, upon an entire new plan, and will warrant them, (if not too much worn,) to appear equal to new.

POERSCHEKE, from Poland, from his practical knowledge of this business, in England, France, Spain, Germany and Russia, can assure those, who will favor them with their custom, that they will be convinced of their superior skill and ability in the business of Clothes cleaning, dressing and repairing.

This business has heretofore been neglected in this country. The public are now informed, that on application to LOINES & POERSCHEKE, their commands will be promptly answered, and the work done to their entire satisfaction. jv26 if

**DAVID B. COOK & C. MORRIS, MERCHANT TAILORS**, No. 44 Fulton street, 3 doors from Pearl street, New York.

N. B.—Southern and Northern Merchants' and all other orders thankfully received, and punctually attended to. Clothes cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to fit; also military work executed in superior style. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Ladies' Cloth CLOAKS cut and made, spunged and pressed. jy 19 if

**LOCKS, GUNS, BELLS, &c.**—JOSEPH ROSE, Jr. Lock and Gun Smith and Bell Hanger, 80 Catherine street, near Oak street, New York.—Rifles and Guns of all descriptions made to order. Guns stocked, polished, altered to percussion, &c. Ships supplied with arms and ammunition. Military Companies furnished with Guns. LOCKS made and repaired. HOUSE BELLS hung in the neatest manner. A general assortment of Guns, Pistols, Sportsmen's Articles, &c. &c.

**PIANO FORTE WAREHOUSE.**—ROBERT NUNNS CLARK, & Co., late R. & W. NUNNS, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have always on hand an assortment of cabinet, harmonic, and square Piano Fortes, from their manufactory, at their warehouse, No. 137 Broadway, two doors north of the City Hotel.

The extensive sale which the Instruments of their manufactory have had throughout the United States for some years, has made them so well known as to preclude the necessity of saying any thing with regard to the quality of the instruments bearing their name; they can only add, that the result of many years' experience in this branch of manufacture, added to the extended scale, they are prepared to carry it on, will enable them to offer advantages to purchasers equal to any other house in this Union.

Orders from the country punctually attended to, and old Piano Fortes taken in exchange. my24

**DIARRHEA, OR BOWEL COMPLAINT, AND CHOLERA MORBUS.**—A specific which effects a cure of either of the above disorders, generally in one or two hours, is sold by George D. Coggeshall, Druggist, general agent for New York, No. 521 Pearl street, corner of Rose street; R. P. Tanner & Co., corner of Broadway and Grand street; E. C. & R. E. Moss, corner of Grand and Cannon streets; and H. N. Gamble, No. 91 Bowery. Price, 25 cents per bottle, which cures from 2 to 5 cases.

This medicine has been used in several thousand cases, and it is believed not to have failed to give immediate relief in one of an hundred. It is equally efficacious in the disorders of adults and children. It is of importance that the medicine be used in the early stage of the disease, if practicable. Where it has been so used, it has not been known to fail of success.

Families and travellers, at this season, will find it advantageous to be provided against sudden attacks. 24tmy

**TAILORING.**—JAMES YOUNG, Merchant Tailor, No. 295 Division street, respectfully informs his numerous friends and Customers, and the Public in general, that he continues to make Coats, Vests, and Pantaloons, at the following reduced prices, viz.

COATS made and trimmed for from \$6 00 to \$8 00  
 PANTALOONS and VESTS . . . . 1 50 to 1 75

The articles will be all of superior workmanship and warranted to fit. my24

**MANIFOLD WRITER.**—J. GILCRIEST manufactures and keeps for sale this convenient and useful article, at his establishment, 102 Broadway, New York, where the public are invited to call and examine the article for them selves. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B. This apparatus, for simplicity and despatch surpassed all other orders of writing when copies are wanted. jy20

**COLUMBIAN WATER COLORS**, for Miniature and Landscape Painting, the manufacture of J. BOSTON, Chemist.—PRENTISS & PENDELTON, exclusive wholesale agents for the manufacturer, sign of the Golden Rose, No. 45 Maiden lane, New York.

NEAT MAHOGANY BOXES, WITH SLIDING TOPS.  
 6 rows, 36 colors, doz. \$62 00 3 rows, 18 colors, doz. \$32 00  
 5 do. 30 do. " 52 00 2 do. 12 do. " 22 00  
 4 do. 24 do. " 42 00 1 do. 6 do. " 12 00

Fine Carmine, in Cake and Powder, for Miniature and Painter Painting, manufactured by J. Boston, the only manufacturer of Carmine and Lake, from the raw material, in the United States.

The following colors, in packages of 6 and 12 cakes each, at \$1 50 per dozen Cakes:

Antwerp Blue,	Flake White,	Purple,
Black,	Gamboge,	Raw Sienna,
Bistre,	Green Bice,	Raw Umber,
Blue Black,	Verditer,	Red Lead,
Brown Pink,	Grey,	Red Chalk,
Burnt Ochre,	Indian Red,	Red Oryment,
Burnt Umber,	Indigo,	Sepia,
Burnt Sienna,	King's Yellow,	Sap Green,
Bronze,	Light Blue,	Spanish Annato,
Chinese Vermillion,	Light Red,	Venitian Red,
Chrome Yellow,	Neutral Tint,	Vandyke Brown,
Cologne Earth,	Orange,	Yellow Ochre,
Dragon's Blood,	Prussian Blue,	Yellow Oryment,
English Vermillion,	Prussian Green,	EXTRA COLORS.

Fine Carmine, - doz.	\$24 00	Madder Lake, - doz. \$8 00
Do. half size, " 12 00	Permanent White, " 6 00	Scarlet Lake, " 4 40
Cobalt Blue, " 6 00	Ultramarine, small, " 18 00	Gall Stone, " 12 00
Crimson Lake, " 4 50	Yellow Lake, " 6 00	Indian Yellow, " 6 00

For proof of the decided superiority of the Columbian Colors, over all others now in use in this country, dealers in them are respectfully referred to the Synopsis of Certificates of most eminent artists. Handsome show bills, containing these Certificates at full length, will be furnished to purchasers.

**WOOLLEY'S PATENT PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.** Persons desirous of purchasing Bedsteads, whether the sofa, chair sideboard, counter, or ordinary, will find it to their material advantage to call and examine those manufactured at the corner of Broadway and White street, by E. S. WOOLLEY. The ordinary Bedsteads of his manufacture have sacking bottom so constructed as to be tightened with a key—an invention universally pronounced superior to any other plan for the sacking bottom Bedsteads. The Cot Bedsteads are of equal finish and pleasing appearance with the ordinary bedsteads; have sackings similarly constructed with them, and can be taken down at will with the utmost ease and rapidity. Woolley's Sofa Bedsteads, for beauty, durability, economy and accommodation, defy competition—they will contain a durable sacking bottom bedstead, with bed and bedding, without the least injury to their beauty or use as a parlor sofa. These bedsteads have been considered of such decided superiority, as to uniformly receive the first premiums at the last three successive anniversaries of the American Institute. Attention is respectfully invited to the "Chair Bedstead," invented for the accommodation of the sick. This invention has proved so successful as to receive the general approbation of the Medical Profession, and is of such great benefit to persons confined to the bed, that it is believed every family would avail themselves of its use if they would but call and examine its utility. More explicit description is deemed needless, as persons wishing to purchase will call and examine for themselves, and the proprietor is confident that all, upon observation, will be convinced of the advantage in economy and comfort to be derived from Bedsteads of his manufacture. my24

**TO PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, & PUBLISHERS.**—CONNER & COOKE, Type and Stereotype Founders, and Publishers, offer for sale, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets, New York, Printing Types, at six months credit, or 7½ per cent. deduction for cash at the price affixed.

Their Type will be found as perfect, and made of as good materials, at least, as that manufactured at any other establishment: it is nearly all of an entire new cut: is lighter faced than any other exhibited, and will consequently wear longer, look better, take less ink and less labor in working than most other type.

Diamond per lb. \$2; Pearl \$1 40; Nonpareil 90; Minion 70; Brevier 56; Burgois 46; Long Primer 40; Small Pica 38; Pica and English 36; Great Primer 34; Double Pica 32; Six line Pica and all larger 30.

Leads of every thickness and size constantly on hand; cuts of every description on metallic bodies; Presses, and all other articles necessary for printing office furnished to order.

Printers can be supplied with second hand type which has only been used for stereotyping, on very favorable terms.

Old type received in exchange at \$9 per 100 pounds.

N. B. Stereotype of every description will be thankfully received, and attended to with correctness and despatch. my2

**REMOVAL.**—T. HOLDEN, Merchant Tailor, has removed from Broadway to the new buildings in Wall street, corner of Nassau, No. 1, where he has on hand a newly selected and excellent assortment of the best West of England Cloth and Cassimeres, with every fashionable article for gentlemen's wear.

T. H. spares no expense in procuring the earliest intelligence the prescriptions of fashion, nor any exertion to meet the views of tasteful elegance and propriety; and as he has reduced prices to the lowest cash estimate, he hopes to be favored with enough of business to make it worth his while to furnish the best and most fashionable articles at prices much below what are usual. my19 if

**THE MAN** is published by GEORGE H. EVANS, at the office of the **WORKING MAN'S ADVOCATE**, No. 6 Thames street, near the City Hotel, Broadway.

AGENTS—George Dunn, Newark; Edward Earle, Paterson.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.		
One square, a year, \$30 00	One square, a month, \$3 00	
" 6 months, 15 00	" 2 weeks, 2 00	
" 3 months, 7 50	" 1 week, 1 50	
" 2 months, 5 00	" 1 time, 7 50	

• All advertisements (except yearly) to be paid for in advance. A square is 16 lines.